

THE PAUPER OF PARK LANE

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Copyright, 1908, by William Le Queux.

Entered at Stationers' Hall. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In Which There is Another Mystery.

The girl puzzled him. Her attitude was as though she delighted in tantalizing him, as if she held knowledge superior to his own. And so she did. She was evidently aware of the whereabouts of Maud—his own lost love. He repeated his question, his eyes fixed upon her pale, serious countenance. But she made no response.

"Why have you brought me here, Miss Lorena?" he asked. "You told me you had something to tell me."

"So I have," she answered, looking up at him again. "I don't know, Mr. Rolfe, what opinion you may have of me, but I hope you will consider my self-introduction permissible under the circumstances."

"Why, of course," he declared, for truth to tell he was much interested in her. She seemed so charmingly unconventional, not much more than a schoolgirl, and yet with all the delightful sweetness of budding womanhood. "But you have mentioned the name of a woman—a woman who is lost to me."

"Ah! Maud Petrovitch," she sighed. "Yes, I know, I know all the tragic story."

"The tragic story?" he echoed, staring at her. "What do you mean?"

"I mean the tragic story of your love," was her slow, distinct reply. "Pray forgive me, Mr. Rolfe, for mentioning a subject which must be most painful, but I have only done so to show you that I am aware of the secret of your affection."

"Then you are a friend of Maud?" She nodded, without uttering a word.

"Where is she? I must see her," he said quickly, with a fierce, anxious look upon his countenance. "This suspense is killing me."

"You ought surely to know," she said, unflinchingly. "I—I know! Why? Why do you say that?"

"Because you know the truth—you know why they so suddenly disappeared. 'I know the truth,' he repeated. 'Indeed I do not. You are speaking in enigmas, just as you yourself are an enigma, Miss Lorena.'"

"Mr. Rolfe relaxed into a smile of inquiry."

"But, my dear girl!" he cried; "you rely misjudged me. I am in complete ignorance."

"And yet you were present at Cromwell road on the night in question," she said slowly, fixing her eyes calmly upon him.

"Who are you, Miss Lorena, that you would make these direct allegations against me?" he cried, staring at her. "I am your friend, Mr. Rolfe, if you allow me to act as such."

"My friend!" he cried. "But you are saying that I have secret knowledge of the doctor's disappearance—that I have possession of the facts, if I were to possess of the facts, it is feasible at I should be so anxious for the welfare of Maud?"

"No anxiety is necessary." "Then she is alive?" "I believe so."

"And well?" "Yes, she is quite well. But—" "Speak, Lorena. Speak, I beg of you." "Speak, she had hesitated, and he saw by her contracted brow that anxiety had arisen within her mind."

"Well—she is safe, I believe, up to the present. Yet, if what I fear be true, she is daily, nay, hourly, in peril—in deadly peril."

"Peril!" he gasped. "Of what?" "Of her life. You know that the political organizations of the East are fraught with murder plots. Dr. Petrovitch has opponents—fierce, dastardly opponents, who would hesitate at nothing to compass his end. They have intrigued to induce the King to place him in disgrace, but at Belgrade the Petrovitch party are still predominant. It is only in the country—at Nisch and Pirot—where the opposition is really strong."

"You seem to know Serbia and the complication of Serbian politics, made-moise?" he remarked.

"Yes, I happen to know something of them. I have made them a study, and I assure you it would be very fascinating if I have not quite so many imprisonments in the awful fortress of Belgrade, and secret assassinations. But Serbia is a young country," the girl added, with a philosopher's air, "and all young countries must go through the same periods of unrest and internal trouble. At any rate, all parties in Serbia acknowledge that King Peter is a constitutional monarch, and is doing his utmost for the benefit of his people."

"You are a partisan of the Kara-georgevitch?" "I am. I make no secret of it. Alexander and Draga were mere puppets in the hands of Serbia's enemies. Under King Peter the country is once more prosperous, and, after all, political life there is no more fraught with danger than it is in go-ahead Bulgaria. Did they not kill poor Petrovitch the other day in the Boris garden in Sofia? That was a more cruel and dastardly murder than any in Serbia, for Petrovitch had only one arm, and was unable to defend himself. The other was shot away at the Shipka where he fought for his country against the Turk."

"How is it you know so much of Serbia?" "Charlie inquired, for he found himself listening to the girl's sound arguments with much interest. Her views upon the complicated situation in the near East were almost identical with his. Did you ever see Petrovitch, for instance?" "I knew him well. Twice I've dined at his house in Sofia. Strangely enough, he was with his bosom friend Stambouloff when the latter was assassinated, and for years was a marked man. As Prince Ferdinand's prime minister, which he was at the time he was shot, he introduced many reforms into Bulgaria, and was a patriot to the core."

"He was surprised. Who could this girl be who dined with prime ministers, and who was, apparently, behind the scenes of Balkan politics?" "And you fear lest the same fate should befall Maud, why?" he asked.

"Because the opposition has a motive—a strong motive."

"For the secret assassination of the daughter of the man who has made Serbia what she is!" he exclaimed. "Yes, Maud is in peril."

"And for that reason, I suppose, is living incognito?"

"Possibly," she answered, not without hesitation. "There is, I believe, a second reason."

"What is that?"

"I scarcely like to tell you, Mr. Rolfe. We are strangers, you and I."

"But do tell me. I am very anxious to know. If she is your friend, she has, no doubt, told you of her love."

"Well, she wishes to avoid you."

"Avoid me—why?"

"Because acquaintance with you increases her peril."

"How absurd!" he cried. "How can

her love for me affect her father's political opponents in Serbia?"

"I am ignorant of the reasons. I only know the broad facts."

"But the doctor had retired from active political life long ago! He told me one day how tired he was of the eternal bickering of the Skupstina."

"Of course he had ostensibly retired, but he secretly directed the policy of the present government. In all serious matters King Peter still consults him."

"And that is why you have brought me into the privacy of these gardens, Miss Lorena—to tell me this?" he laughed, bending to her and drawing a semi-circle in the gravel with the point of his stick.

"No," she replied sharply, with just a little frown of displeasure. "You do not understand me, Mr. Rolfe. Have I said, a few moments ago, that I wanted to be your friend?"

"You are a most delightful little friend," was his courteous reply.

"Ah! I see. You treat me as a child," was her rather impatient reply. "You are not serious."

"I am most serious," he declared, with a solemn already beyond the mark. "I am never more serious in my life than I am at this moment."

"She burst out laughing—a peal of light, merrily, irresponsible, girlish laughter. 'And before I met you she said, 'I thought you a most terribly austere person.'"

"So I am—at times. I have to be, Miss Lorena. I'm secretary to a very serious old gentleman, remember."

"Yes. And that was the very reason why I threw the conveniences to the winds—if there are any in the Anglo-French circle in Paris—and spoke to you—"

"You spoke because I was Mr. Statham's secretary?" he asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes. I wanted to speak to you privately."

"Well, nobody can overhear us here," he said, glancing around, and noticing only a fat woman wheeling a puny child in a gaudily-trimmed perambulator.

"I wanted to speak to you regarding Mr. Statham," she said, after a long pause.

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

I know of but one young woman whose wardrobe is always ready for the demands of any occasion. I do not know how she manages, although I have an intimate acquaintance with her, for she never seems to be busy over it, as are scores of other women whom I see at all seasons, and she has the privilege of undisturbed peace. She has an allowance from an indulgent father, but his business ideas have to be respected and monthly bills are scrutinized before payment is made.

For one thing, she takes the best of care of everything, and I venture to say that if you went through her closets and bureau drawers you would not find so much as a button missing. Small repairs are made when they are discovered. Again, she is wise in selecting her fashions, as she plans to wear her clothes as long as they are creditable. She is an advocate of the ample wardrobe, reasoning that by frequent changes of gowns and accessories she can make a better appearance, and also make the public forget that some of them are not as fresh as they look. She has a positive genius for combinations, and the casual observer would probably set her down as a wildly extravagant young person.

She is very prudent, take my word for that, although she is sure to display the latest little touches of fashion about her costume. I believe she is the only woman I know who pays the same close attention to her morning toilet as to the dressing for afternoon or a social function.

At a time when the average woman is hurrying into a temporary frock or a skirt and dressing sacque she is calmly but swiftly preparing for breakfast in a dainty white waist and a trim skirt, all of natural shade, Holland blue, or navy, and natural grounds are in plentiful supplies. She is a woman of color.

I am sure that she could be ready for a long journey with no more notice than the time necessary to pack a trunk or suit case. It is an art she cannot explain, but I have guessed that it consists partly in making few additions at a time and making them at happy moments. The average woman buys according to season, and wears her clothes to the point of shabbiness without making changes. Spring sewing is done in the street, it is chosen, or quite suitable for the reception of callers.

Most men who are unsuccessful are eager to meet the women of their more fortunate friends, he said, smiling. "Mr. Statham has no fear of exposure, I assure you."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

I know of but one young woman whose wardrobe is always ready for the demands of any occasion. I do not know how she manages, although I have an intimate acquaintance with her, for she never seems to be busy over it, as are scores of other women whom I see at all seasons, and she has the privilege of undisturbed peace. She has an allowance from an indulgent father, but his business ideas have to be respected and monthly bills are scrutinized before payment is made.

For one thing, she takes the best of care of everything, and I venture to say that if you went through her closets and bureau drawers you would not find so much as a button missing. Small repairs are made when they are discovered. Again, she is wise in selecting her fashions, as she plans to wear her clothes as long as they are creditable. She is an advocate of the ample wardrobe, reasoning that by frequent changes of gowns and accessories she can make a better appearance, and also make the public forget that some of them are not as fresh as they look. She has a positive genius for combinations, and the casual observer would probably set her down as a wildly extravagant young person.

She is very prudent, take my word for that, although she is sure to display the latest little touches of fashion about her costume. I believe she is the only woman I know who pays the same close attention to her morning toilet as to the dressing for afternoon or a social function.

At a time when the average woman is hurrying into a temporary frock or a skirt and dressing sacque she is calmly but swiftly preparing for breakfast in a dainty white waist and a trim skirt, all of natural shade, Holland blue, or navy, and natural grounds are in plentiful supplies. She is a woman of color.

I am sure that she could be ready for a long journey with no more notice than the time necessary to pack a trunk or suit case. It is an art she cannot explain, but I have guessed that it consists partly in making few additions at a time and making them at happy moments. The average woman buys according to season, and wears her clothes to the point of shabbiness without making changes. Spring sewing is done in the street, it is chosen, or quite suitable for the reception of callers.

Most men who are unsuccessful are eager to meet the women of their more fortunate friends, he said, smiling. "Mr. Statham has no fear of exposure, I assure you."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

"To be continued to-morrow."

"The girl looked him straight in the face with a long, steady gaze."

"Ah! I see!" she exclaimed, after a pause. "You treat me as an enemy, Mr. Rolfe, not as a friend."

KANN-SONS & CO.

8th St. & Pa. Ave.

"THE BUSY CORNER"

Attention is directed to numerous changes in the location of departments, particularly on first floor. Everything will be in ship-shape in a day or two. Meanwhile, we ask indulgence of patrons.

Rough pongee silk for 59c yd.

You'd be glad to get it for 75c.

An extra quality of Rough Pongee, and one that, because of its being a firm weave, is especially adaptable for the making of the very popular and fashionable jumper suits.

Shown in all the new shades, such as Copenhagen, reseda, tan, onion, Holland blue, navy, rose, natural, black, or white; 27 inches wide. Get here first thing this morning for the first choice.

Fresh shipment of 1,000 yards of 27-inch ROUGH PONGEE, all silk, and in all the desirable colors; plenty of natural shade, Holland blue, navy, and natural grounds are in plentiful supplies. Special to-day, a yard..... 68c

24-inch Printed Pongees, 2,000 yards more to sell to-day; the lot contains handsome foulards also, and black, navy, and natural grounds are in plentiful supplies. Special to-day, a yard..... 39c

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

By HELEN ROWLAND.

Matrimony is the slip that usually shatters the cup of love. Asking a girl if you may kiss her before doing it is an insulting way of laying all the responsibility on her.

Blue Beard undoubtedly fancied he would have been an ideal husband if Fatima's curiosity had not driven him to the verge of murder. N. B.—Always lay it on your wife.

A man may send you a gold-handled umbrella with your monogram on it in diamonds and mean nothing but good-fellowship, but if he offers to put it up and carry it over you, for fear the mist will spoil your feathers, you may be sure he's in love.

There is nothing half so helpless and pathetic looking as the father of the new baby who is occupying all the family attention. A man seldom discovers that he hasn't married his affinity until his wife begins to get cross at her own eyes.

A married man thinks that if he concedes to smooth his top hair and carry a cane he is sufficiently dresdy to go out anywhere with his wife. Love is just the shine on the jewel of matrimony; but, after all, the shine on a jewel is the whole thing.

The average man looks on matrimony as a hitching post where he can tie a woman and leave her until he comes home nights. There is nothing so uninteresting to a man as a contentedly married woman.

A man's sweethearts are like his cigars; he has many of each of them, loves each one as tenderly as the preceding, and appreciates each according to its expensiveness.

A husband can always find fault with his wife, but, then, even arch-angels could pick flaws in one another if they had to drink coffee at the same table every morning.

Matrimony is, like the weather, mighty uncertain, and the happiest people are those who are neither looking for storms nor banking on sunshine, but are just willing to go along sensibly and take what comes.

It may mean nothing, but it's very mortifying to a woman when she takes her husband's dog for a walk and he tries to go into every corner saloon.

It's easier to hide your light under a bushel than to keep your shady side dark.

COLLEGE MUSICIANS HERE.

Amherst Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs at New Willard. Come and sing all ye loyal Amherst men; Come and give a rousing cheer. Join our club as we march along so fine. With hearts that have no fear; And at night "lead the people and the white. We will march in bold array. So everybody shout and sing. This is the day, this is the day.

With the lines of this and other kindred college songs the Amherst College Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs last night delighted a large audience at the New Willard.

A programme of twelve numbers was given, consisting of "selections by the combined clubs, solos by each club, and quartet songs."

Among the features of the entertainment were: "The Merry Widow," played by the mandolin club; quartet selections by H. W. Davis, B. W. Targart, E. W. Steadman, and J. E. Marshall; "Shower Arms," by the banjo club, and the selection "Fairest College of Them All," sung by the glee club.

The clubs came here from Philadelphia, and will appear at Charleston, W. Va., to-night. From Charleston they will continue through the West, returning to Amherst the latter part of April.

DATE IS CHANGED.

"Gipsy" Smith to Conduct Y. M. C. A. Evangelist Services in October. The initial meeting of the general committee of pastors and laymen who have charge of the evangelistic campaign to be conducted in this city under the leadership of "Gipsy" Smith met at the Young Men's Christian Association last evening. There were present George W. F. Swartz, chairman of the committee; Commissioner Macfarland, president of the Laymen's Federation, and a number of laymen and pastors.

It was announced that the dates for the coming of "Gipsy" Smith had been changed to the period from October 17 to November 2.

After discussion of a number of matters relating to the conduct of the campaign, Rev. J. J. Muir was elected vice chairman of the committee and D. A. Davis secretary. Chairmen of subcommittees were appointed as follows: Finance, W. E. Robinson; halls, W. W. Everett; personnel, W. H. H. Smith; ushering, Holcombe G. Johnson; publicity, John B. Slemman, Jr., and music, Percy S. Foster. The pastors of the association last evening appointed a special subcommittee to include the holding of preliminary meetings in the churches, etc.

Goldfogle Is Improving.

Reports last night from the bedside of Representative Goldfogle, of New York, who became suddenly ill on the floor of the House yesterday afternoon, were that the Congressman was in an improved condition and expected to be out in a few days. Dr. G. N. Acker, his attending physician, said Mr. Goldfogle was suffering with indigestion, and was also stricken with a cold, but his condition was not serious.

Representative Is Better.

Word was received from the Garfield Hospital last night, that Representative James S. Sherman, who is in a much improved condition, and while the date is not definitely decided upon, it was thought he would be able to resume his official duties in a short time.

A Protest Against Careless Use of the Word "PIANOLA"

IT IS A SERIOUS MISTAKE TO CLASSIFY ALL PIANO PLAYERS AS "PIANOLAS."

We notify the press and the public that the term "Pianola" is a copyright and trade-mark name applying exclusively to the instrument made by the Aeolian Company. The purchaser who fails to make the distinction between the genuine Pianola and the many other piano players lacking its vital points of superiority, is likely to find later that a serious mistake has been made, which will prove costly to rectify.

Sanders & Stayman Co. EXCLUSIVE WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE REPRESENTATIVES. 1327 F Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

Chas. POLITE VAUDEVILLE

Daily Mat., 2c and 5c. Eve., 2c, 5c, 10c, and 15c. THE NINE STUNNING GRENADES. Greatest Musical Show from London and Paris.

WALTER C. KELLY as "The Virginia Juggler." Lambert, Leroy, Lucier & Co. Lillian, The Roman Village Troupe of Lady Thymia, La Croy, "His First Bow" and "Lost St. Valentine."